THE FIFTH EDITION.

THE

LOUSIAD.

AN

HEROI-COMIC POEM.

CANTO THE SECOND.

WITH AN ENGRAVING BY AN EMINENT ARTIST.

BY PETER PINDAR, ESQ.

"—— *Qualis ab Incepto.*" HORACE.
"As it was in the *beginning*, *is now*, and *ever ſhall* be, World without End."

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THE

A R G U M E N T.

INVOCATION *to the Muses — Degeneracy of modern Poets — The ragged State of the Ladies of Parnassus — Sad Condition of Bards — Praise of Mr. West's great Picture of King Alexander and the Stag — More Invocation to the Muses — The Tricks of those Ladies — Their Impositions on Poets and Poetesses — A Compliment to King George and Dr. Herschell on their Intimacy with the Moon, and important Discoveries in that Planet — Invocation to Apollo — Invocation to Conscience — Conscience described — The great Powers of Conscience — More Invocation to Conscience — Truth and Falsehood, their Situations — More Invocation to Conscience — The Praise of Royal Oeconomy and an Hanoverian College — Address to Gottingen — More Invocation to Conscience — Mr. Hastings's Bulse, Mrs. Hastings's Bed and Cradle properly treated — More Words to Conscience — The fatal Power of Conscience over the late Mr. Yorke and Lord Clive — Address to Fame — A Request to the aforesaid Gentlewoman, instructing her how to dispose of some of her Trumpets — Description of her* Pseudo-*Votaries — The Bard blushing for the Quantity of Invocation — Procession of his Epic Poem — Madam Swellenberg described with a Plate of Ham — Account of her Birth, Parentage, and Education — Account of Pride — Madam Swellenberg's Visit to the King — His Majesty's most gracious Speech — Madam Swellenberg's Answer — Address to Readers on Ladies' swearing — Sir Francis Drake, the Steward of the Household, described — not to be confounded with the famous Sir Francis Drake, who died near* 200 *Years ago — The Perquisites of the present Sir Francis --- Description of the Dining Room belonging to the Cooks at Buckingham House --- The Entertainment and Utensils of this Room --- Dixon, the Cook-Major's Speech --- Story of a Nabob and a Beggar --- Cook-Major Dixon's Speech in continuance --- Speech of another Cook --- The Cooks in the Dumps --- The Cook-Major's Rejoinder to the Cook's Speech --- A very sensible Speech --- Conclusion with a beautiful Simile --- The Petition of the Cooks.*

—— fierce as staring Ajax, from his Seat,
Uprose with Visage stern, the King of Meat. Canto 2.d

THE

LOUSIAD.

CANTO THE SECOND.

NYMPHS of the ſacred fount, around whoſe brink
Bards ruſh in droves, like cart horſes, to drink;
Dip their dark beards amidſt your ſtreams ſo clear,
And whilſt they gulp it, wiſh it ale or beer;
Far more delighted to poſſeſs, I ween,
Old Calvert's brewhouſe for their Hippocrene;
And bleſt with beef, their ghoſtly forms to fill,
Make Dolly's chophouſe their Aonian hill,
More pleas'd to hear knives, forks, in concert join,
Than all the tinkling cymbals of the NINE,

Aſſiſt me—ye who themes ſublime purſue,
With ſcarce a ſhift, a ſtocking, or a ſhoe,
Such pow'r have ſatires, epigrams, and odes,
As make ev'n bankrupts of the born of gods
As well as mortal bards, who oft bewail
Their unſucceſsful madrigals in jail,
Where penn'd, like hapleſs cuckows, in a cage,
The ragged warblers pour their tuneful rage;
Deck the damp walls with verſe of various quality,
And, from their priſons, mount to immmortality.

Ah! tell me, where is now thy bluſh, O SHAME!
Shall bards through *jails* explore the road to Fame;
Like ſouls of Papiſts in their way to glory,
Doom'd at the half-way houſe, call'd Purgatory,
To burn, before they reach the realms of light,
Like old tobacco pipes, from black to white?

Yet let me ſay again, that pow'rful rhyme
Hath lifted poets to a ſtate ſublime ;
To lofty pill'ries rais'd their ſacred ears
High o'er the heads of marvelling compeers,
Whoſe eggs, potatoes, turnips, and their tops,
Paid flying homage to their tuneful chops :
Bleſt State! that gives each fair exalted mien,
To grace in print each monthly magazine ;
And deck the ſhops with ſweet engravings dreſt,
'Midſt angels, ſinners, ſaints of Mr. WEST ;
Where brave King ALEXANDER and the DEER,
A noble, buſtling hodge-podge ſhall appear
From that fam'd picture * which our wonder drew,
And pour'd its brazen ſplendors on the view ;
Bright as the pictures that with glorious glare,
On penthouſe high, in Piccadilly ſtare,

* A whole acre of canvaſs ſo daub'd by colour as to give it the appearance of a braſs foundery.

Where lions ſeem to roar, and tygers growl,
Hyenas whine, and wolves in concert howl;
And by their goggling eyes and furious grin,
Inform what ſhaggy devils lodge within.

Ye NYMPHS who, fond of fun, full many a time,
Mount on a jack-aſs many a child of rhyme,
And make him think, aſtride his braying hack,
He moves ſublime on Pegaſus's back:
Ye MUSES, oft by brainleſs poets ſought
To bid the ſtanza chime and ſwell with thought;
Who, whelping for OBLIVION, fain would ſave
Their whining puppies from the ſullen wave;
Aſſiſt me!—ye who viſit towns and hovels,
To teach our girls in bibs to eke out novels,
And treat with ſcorn (far *nobler* knowledge ſtudying)
The humble art of making pye or pudding:

Who

Who make our Sapphos of their verſes vain,
And fancy all Parnaſſus in their brain;
And 'midſt the buſtle of their lucubrations,
Take downright madneſs for your inſpirations;
Charm'd with the cadence of a lucky line,
Who taſte a rapture equal, GEORGE, to thine,
When, bleſt at DATCHET, through thy HERSCHELL'S glaſs,
That brings from diſtant worlds a horſe, an aſs,
A tree, a windmill, to the curious eye,
Shirts, ſtockings, blankets, that on hedges dry;
Thine eyes, at evenings late and mornings ſoon,
Unſated feaſt on wonders in the moon;
Where Herſchell on volcanos, mountains, pores,
And happy Nature's true ſublime explores;
Whilſt thou, ſo modeſt (wonderful to tell!)
On LUNAR *trifles* art content to dwell,
Flies, graſhoppers, grubs, cobwebs, cuckow ſpittle,
In ſhort, delighted with the world of *little*,

Which Weſt ſhall paint, and grave Sir Joſeph Banks
Receive from thy hiſtoric mouth with thanks;
Then bid the vermin on the journals* crawl,
Hop, jump and flutter, to amuſe us all.

And thou, great PATRON† of the double quill,
That flays by rhyme, and murders by a pill,
A pretty kind of double-barrell'd gun,
More giv'n to tragedy than comic fun:
Auſpicious PATRON of the paunch and backs
Of thoſe all-daring raſcals chriſt'ned quacks,
To whom our purſe and lives are legal plunder,
Who, hawk-like, keep the human ſpecies under:

GOD of thoſe gentlemen of jingling brains,
Who, for *their own amuſement*, print their ſtrains,
O aid, as lofty Homer ſays, my *nous*,
To ſing ſublime the Monarch and the Louſe!

* Of the Royal Society. † Apollo.

NYMPHS,

NYMPHS, PHOEBUS, in my *firſt* heroic chapter
I ſhould have pray'd for crumbs of tuneful rapture:
Thus to forget my friends was not ſo clever;
But, ſays the proverb, " better *late* than *never*."

Well! ſince I'm in the invocation trade,
To *Conſcience* let my compliments be paid——

CONSCIENCE, a terrifying little ſprite,
That, bat-like, winks by day and wakes by night;
Hunts through the heart's dark holes each lurking vice,
As ſharp as weaſels hunting eggs or mice;—
Who, when the light'nings flaſh, and thunders crack,
Makes our hair briſtle like a hedge-hog's back;
Shakes, ague-like, our hearts with wild commotion;
Uplifts our ſaint-like eyes with dread devotion:
Bids the poor trembling tongue make terms with Heav'n,
And promiſe miracles to be forgiv'n:
Bids ſpectres riſe, not very like the Graces,
With goggling eyes, black beards, and Tyburn faces;

With ſcenes of fires of glowing brimſtone ſcares,
Spits, forks, and proper culinary wares
For roaſting, broiling, frying, fricaſſeeing,
The Soul, that ſad offending little *Being*:
That ſtubborn ſtuff of ſalamander make,
Proof to the fury of the burning lake.

O Conscience! thou ſtrait jacket of the ſoul,
The madding ſallies of the bard control;
Who, when inclin'd, like brother bards, to lie,
Bring Truth's neglected form before his eye,
Fair Maid! to towns and courts a ſtranger grown,
And now to rural ſwains almoſt unknown,
Whoſe company was once their prudent choice;
Who once delighted, liſt'ned to her voice;
When in their hearts the *gentler* paſſion ſtrove,
And Constancy went hand in hand with Love.
Sweet Truth, who ſteals through lonely ſhades along,
And mingles with the turtle's note her ſong;

Whilſt

Whilſt Falsehood, rais'd by ſycophantic tricks,
Unbluſhing flaunts it in a coach and ſix.

Conscience, who bidſt our Monarch from the nation,
Send ſons to Gottingen for education,
Since hapleſs Cam and Isis, loſt to knowledge,
Are ideots to this Hanoverian college,
Where ſimple ſcience beams with orient ray;
The great, the glorious ATHENS of the day!
So ſays the Ruler of us Engliſh fools,
Who cannot judge like *him* of Wisdom's ſchools.

Dear attic Gottingen! to thee I bow,
Of Knowledge, O moſt wonderful milch cow!
From whom huge pails the royal boys ſhall bring,
And give, we hope, a little to the ——
Through *Thee*, beſides the knowledge they my reap,
The lads ſhall get their board and lodging cheap;

And learn, like their good parents, to ſubſiſt
Within the limits of the Civil Liſt;
Who ſeldom bid a Miniſter implore
A little farther pittance for the *poor*.

CONSCIENCE! who to the wonder of his SIRE,
Bad'ſt from his wonted ſtate a PRINCE retire,
And, like a ſubject, humbly ſeek the ſhade,
That not a tradeſman might remain unpaid:
An action that the ſoul of envy ſtings—
A deed unmention'd in the book of KINGS:

CONSCIENCE! who mad'ſt a monarch by thy pow'r,
Send pris'ner the fam'd *di'mond to the Tower;
So witchingly that look'd him in the face,
And impudently ſought to bribe his GRACE:
Where too the cradle and the bed ſhall reſt,
That on the ſame damn'd errand left the Eaſt—

* Such is the ſtory of the late ſly Bulſe that ſtole into St. James's.

Thus

Thus fall of gems and pearl the treas'nous tribe,
And beds and cradles that would Monarchs bribe!

Conscience! who mak'ſt our King (how very ſtrange!)
Keep a fair drawer of halfpence to give change:
Reſolv'd, (ſo ſtrictly in his dealings true)
That none ſhall keep from Cæsar, Cæsar's due.

Conscience! who now canſt, like a cart horſe, draw,
Now lifeleſs ſinking, ſcarcely lift a ſtraw:
So different are thy powers at diff'rent times,
Thou dear companion of the man of rhymes!
Thou! who at times canſt like a lion roar
For one poor ſixpence, yet, like North, canſt ſnore,
Though rapine, murder, try to ope thine eyes,
And raging Hell with all his horrors riſe:
Whoſe eye on petty frauds can fiercely flame,
Yet wink at full-blown crimes that *blaſt* a name.

O Con-

O Conscience! who didſt bid to madneſs work,
(So great thy pow'r!) the brain of hapleſs Yorke,
And mad'ſt him cut from ear to ear his throat,
That luckleſs ſpoil'd his patriotic note;
Yet wantedſt ſtrength to force from *his* hard eye
One drop—who *help'd* him to yon ſpangled ſky;
Whoſe damned prayers, feign'd tears, and tongue of art,
Won on the weakneſs of his honeſt heart!
Poor Yorke! without a ſtone whoſe reliques lie,
Though Virtue mark'd the murder with a ſigh!

O Conscience! who to Clive didſt give the knife
That, deſp'rate plunging, took his forfeit life;
Who, lawleſs plund'rer! in his wild career,
Whelm'd Asia's eye with woe, and heart with fear;
Whoſe wheels on carnage roll'd, and drench'd with blood,
From gaſping nature forc'd the bluſhing flood;
Whilſt Havock, panting with triumphant breath,
Nerv'd his red arm, and hail'd the hills of death.

And now to thee, O lovely FAME, I bend;
Let all thy trumpets this great work commend;
Give one a-piece to all the learn'd Reviews,
And bid them ſound the labours of the Muſe:
Give to the Magazines a trumpet each,
And let the ſwelling note to doomſday reach:
To daily newſpapers a trumpet give:
Thus ſhall my epic ſtrain for ever live:
Thus ſhall my book deſcend to diſtant times,
And rapt poſterity reſound my rhymes.
By future BEAUTIES ſhall each tome be preſt,
And, like their lapdogs, live a parlour gueſt.

Thee, deareſt FAME, ſome mercenaries hail,
Merely to gain their labours a good ſale;
Or riſe to fair preferment by thy tongue,
Though deaf as adders to thy charms of ſong:
Juſt as the hypocrites ſay pray'rs, ſing pſalms,
Beſtow upon the blind, and cripple, alms;

Yield glory to the POW'R who rules above,
Not from a principle of heav'nly love,
But,—ſneaking raſcals,—to obtain—when dead—
A comfortable lodging over head,
When forc'd by age, or doctors, or their ſpouſes,
The vagrants quit their ſublunary houſes.

With tireſome invocation having done,
At length our glorious Epic may go on—
Lo! Madam SWELLENBERG, inclin'd to *cram*,
Was wond'rous buſy o'er a plate of ham:
A ham that once adorn'd a German pig,
Rough as a bear, and as a jack-aſs big;
In woods of *Weſtphaly* by hunters ſmitten,
And ſent a preſent to the Queen of Britain.

But ere we farther march, ye Muſes, ſay
Somewhat of Madam SWELLENBERG, I pray:
If ancient poets mention but a horſe,
We read his genealogy of courſe:

O ſay,

O ſay, ſhall horſes boaſt the deathleſs line,
And o'er a LADY's lineage ſleep the Nine?

By virtue of her father and her mother,
This woman ſaw the light without much pother;
That is,—no grand commotion ſhook our earth;——
Apollo danc'd no hornpipe at her birth,
To ſay to what perfection ſhe was born;
What wit, what wiſdom, ſhould the nymph adorn:
No bees around her lips in cluſters hung,
To tell the future ſweetneſs of her tongue:
Around her cradle perch'd no cooing dove,
To mark the ſoul of innocence and love:
No ſmiling Cupids round her cradle play'd,
To ſhow the future conqueſts of the maid;
Whoſe charms would make the jealous ſex her foes,
And with their lightnings blaſt a thouſand beaus.
Indeed the Muſe muſt own a trifling pother
Sprung up between the father and the mother;

For

For, after taking methods how to gain her,
They knew not how the devil to maintain her.

Heav'ns! what no prodigy attend HER birth,
Who awes the greateſt palace upon earth?
Yes!——a black cat around the bantling ſquawl'd,
Join'd its young cries, and all the houſe appall'd:
Now here, now there, he ſprung with viſage wild,
And made a bold attempt to kiſs the child:
Bats pour'd, in hideous hoſts, into the room,
And, imp-like, flitting, form'd a ſudden gloom;
Then to the cradle ruſh'd the dark'ning throng,
And, raptur'd, ſhriek'd congratulating ſong;
Which ſong, in concert with the ſquawls of puſs,
Seem'd, in plain German, "*Thou art one of us.*"
In Strelitz firſt this dame the light eſpy'd,
Born to a good inheritance of pride;
For howe'er paradoxical it be,
PRIDE pigs with people of a *low* degree,

As well as with your folks of fortune, ſtruts;
Like rats that live in palaces or huts;
Or bugs, an animal of pompous gait,
That dwell in beds of ſtraw, or beds of ſtate;
Or monkies vile, whoſe tooth inglorious grapples,
Now with ananas, now with rotten apples.
Hail, PROTEUS PRIDE, whoſe various pow'rs of throat
Can ſwell the trumpet's loud and ſaucy note;
And if a meaner air can ſerve thy turn,
In panting, quiv'ring ſounds of Jews-harps, mourn!
Hail, PRIDE, companion of the great and little,
So abject who canſt lick a patron's ſpittle;
Whine like a ſneaking puppy at his door,
And turn the hind part of thy wig before;
Nay, if he orders, turn it inſide out,
And wear it, Merry Andrew like, about;
Heed not the grinning world a ſingle ruſh,
But bear its pointed ſcorn without a bluſh.

Yet fain wou'dſt thou the crouching world beſtride,
Juſt like the RHODIAN BULLY o'er the tide;
The brazen wonder of the world of yore,
That proudly ſtretch'd his legs from ſhore to ſhore,
And ſaw of Greece the loftieſt navy travel,
With dread ſubmiſſion, underneath his navel.

So much for Pride—great, little, humble, vain;
And now for Madam SWELLENBERG again.

Whether the nymph could ever boaſt a grace,
That deign'd to pay a viſit to her face,
The MUSE is ignorant, ſhe muſt allow;
Yet knows this truth, that not one ſparkles *now*.
If ever beauties, in delight excelling,
Charm'd on her cheek, they long have left their dwelling.
This nymph a mantuamaker was, I ween,
And priz'd for cheapneſs by our ſaving Queen,

Who

Who (where's the mighty harm of loving money?)
Brought her to this fair land of milk and honey,
And plac'd her in a most important sphere—
INSPECTRESS GENERAL of the Royal Geer.

Soon as this woman heard the Louse's tale,
At once she turn'd, like walls of plaster, pale.
But first the ham of *Westphaly* she gobbl'd,
And then to seek the LORDS ANOINTED, hobbl'd.
HIM full of wrath, like Peleus' son of yore,
When Agamemnon took away his wh---,
In all the bitterness of wrath, she found;
The Queen and Royal Children staring round.

" O *Swelly*,"---thus the madden'd Monarch roar'd,
Whilst wild impatience wing'd the rapid word;
For lo! the *solemn* march of graceful speech,
The KING long since had bid to kiss his b----h.

The broken language that his mouth affords
Are heads and tails, and legs and wings, of words,
That give imagination's laughing eye
A lively picture of a giblet pye.

"O *Swelly*, *Swelly*," cry'd the furious King,
"What! what a dirty, filthy, nafty thing!
"That thus you come to eafe my angry mind,
"Indeed is very, very, very, very kind.
"What's your opinion, hæ?" the Monarch rav'd—
"Yes, yes, the cooks fhall every one be fhav'd—
"What! what! hæ! hæ!---now tell me, *Swelly*, pray—
"Shan't I be right in't---What! what! *Swelly*, hæ?
"Yes, yes, I'm fure on't, by the Loufe's looks,
"That he belong'd to fome-one of the cooks---
"Speak, *Swelly*; fhan't we fhave each filty joul?---
"Yes, yes, and that we will, upon my foul."

To

To whom the DAME, with elevated chin,
Wide-ſtaring eyes, and broad contemptuous grin:

“ Yes, ſure as dat my ſoul is to be ſav'd,
“ So ſure de dirty raſcals ſal be ſhav'd ——
“ Shav'd to de quick be ev'ry moder's ſon ——
“ And curſe me if *I* do not ſee it done:
“ De barbers ſoon der naſty locks ſal fall on,
“ Nor leave one ſtanding for a louſe to crawl on.
“ If on der ſkulls de razor do not ſhine,
“ May gowns and petticoats no more be mine ——
“ Curls, clubs, and pigtails, all ſal go to pot,
“ For ſuſh curs'd naſtineſs, or I'll be rot;
“ Or elſe to Strelitz let me quickly fly,
“ Dat dunghill, dat poor pighouſe to de eye;
“ Where from his own mock trone de Prince ſo great,
“ Can jump into anoder Prince eſtate ——
“ Yes, by de God dat made dis eart and me,
“ No ſingle louſy raſcal ſal go free.”

Reader, thou raiseſt both thy marv'ling eyes,
In all the ſtaring wildneſs of ſurpriſe;
As if the poet did not truth revere,
And fancieſt *gentlewomen* could not ſwear:
Go, fool, and ſeek the ladies of the mud,
Queens of the lakes, or damſels of the flood;
Nymphs, Nereids, or what vulgar tongues call drabs,
Who vend at Billingſgate their ſprats and crabs;
Tell them their fiſh all ſtink, and thou wilt hear
Whether that *gentlewomen* ever ſwear:
Nay, viſit many of our courtly dames,
When wrath their dove-like gentleneſs inflames;
Lo! thou ſhalt find, by many a naughty word,
They uſe ſmall ceremony with the Lord,
In ſpite of all that godly books contain,
That teach them not to take his name in vain.

"Thanks, *Swelly*, thanks, thanks, thanks," the KING reply'd,
"Like me, you have not got a grain of pride.

"Yes,

"Yes, yes, if I am maſter of this houſe;
"Yes, yes, the locks ſhall fall, and then the louſe."

He ſpoke—and to confirm the dreadful doom,
His head he ſhook, that ſhook the dining room.
Thus JOVE of old, the dread, the THUND'RING GOD,
Shook, when he ſwore, OLYMPUS with his nod.

"Yes, (cry'd the KING)—Yes, yes, their curls ſhall quake;
"But tell me, where, where, where's Sir FRANCIS DRAKE?"

O, Reader, think not 'twas that DRAKE, Sir FRANCIS,
Whoſe wond'rous actions ſeem almoſt romances;
Who ſhone in ſenſe profound, and bloodieſt wars,
And rais'd the Nation's glory to the ſtars:
Who firſt in triumph ſail'd around the world,
And vengeance on the foes of Britain hurl'd:
But HE who ſculks around the Royal kitchen,
Which, if he catch a neighbour's dog or bitch in,

Lets

Lets fly, to ſtrike the four-legg'd mumper dead,
A poker, or a cleaver, at his head.
Not *that* Sir FRANCIS DRAKE who, god-like, bore
Fair Freedom, Science to th' Atlantic ſhore:
To Pagans gave the Goſpel's ſaving grace,
And planted Virtue 'midſt a barb'rous race;
Spread on the dark'ned realms the blaze of light—
But *he* who ſees the ſpoons and plates are bright;
Sees that the knives before the King and Queen
Are, like the pair of Royal ſtomachs, *keen*:
Not *he*, whoſe martial frown whole kingdoms ſhook,
But he whoſe low'ring viſage ſhakes a cook:
Not he who pour'd on Mexico his tars,
But he, at *London*, who with *linen* wars:
Napkins and damaſk table cloths aſſails
With ſciſſars, razors, knives, and teeth and nails;
Who dares with Doylies deſp'rate war to wage,
Such is *his* province and domeſtic rage,

If, like his predeceſſors, he hath grace,
And calls his conqueſts, *perquiſites of place* —
'Twas not that DRAKE who bade his daring crew
Run with their bayonets the Spaniards through;
But that important DRAKE, in office big,
Inſtructing cooks to ſpit a gooſe or pig:
Not *he* who took the Spaniards by the noſe,
And priſons fill'd with Britain's graceleſs foes;
But he who bids the geeſe, his pris'ners, die,
And ſtuffs their legs and gizzards in a pie:
He who, three times a week, a green-cloth Lord,
Sits, Wiſdom-fraught, at that important board
With wiſe compeers, in Judge-like order ſtudying,
Whether the KING ſhall have a tart or pudding.
'Twas *this* Sir FRANCIS, quite a diff'rent man
From him who round the world with glory ran:
Forbid it, Heav'n! that e'er the MUSE, untrue,
Should give to any man, another's due!

Muse, leave we now the Monarch, vengeance brewing,
To take a peep at what the Cooks were doing.

In that ſnug room *, the ſcene of ſhrewd remark,
Whoſe window ſtares upon the ſaunt'ring park;
Where many a hungry bard, and gambling ſinner,
In chop-fall'n ſadneſs, counts the trees for dinner:
In that ſnug room where any man of ſpunk
Would find it a hard matter to get † drunk;
Where coy Tokay ne'er feels a cook's embraces,
Nor Port nor Claret ſhow their roſy faces;
But where old Adam's beverage flows with pride,
From wide-mouth'd pitchers, in a plenteous tide;
Where veal, pork, mutton, beef, and fowl and fiſh,
All club their joints to make one *handſome* diſh:

* The Larder.

† This will be deemed ſtrange by my *country* readers—but it is neverthele ſs true

Where ſtewpan covers ſerve for plates, I ween,
And knives and forks and ſpoons are never ſeen;
Where pepper iſſues from a paper bag,
And for a cruet ſtands a brandy cag:
Where Madam SWELLENBERG too often ſits
Like ſome old tabby in her mouſing fits,
Demurely ſquinting with majeſtic mien,
To catch ſome fault to carry to the QUEEN:

In that ſnug room, like thoſe immortal Greeks,
Of whom, in book the thirteenth, OVID ſpeaks,
Around the table, all with ſulky looks,
Like culprits doom'd to Tyburn, ſat the Cooks.
At length, with phiz that ſhow'd the man of woes,
The ſorrowing King of ſpits and ſtewpans roſe;
Like PAUL at Athens, very juſtly ſainted,
And by the charming bruſh of Raphael painted,
With outſtretch'd hands, and energetic grace,
He fearleſs thus harangues the ROASTING RACE;

Whilſt gaping round, in mute attention ſit
The poor forlorn diſciples of the ſpit:

" Cooks, ſcullions, hear me ev'ry mother's ſon—
" Know that I reliſh not this Royal fun:
" GEORGE thinks us ſcarcely fit ('tis very clear)
" To carry guts, my brethren, to a bear"——
" Guts to a bear!" the Cooks, upſpringing, cry'd—
" Guts to a bear," the Major loud reply'd.——
" Guts to the devil!" roar'd the Cooks again,
And toſs'd their noſes high, in proud diſdain:
The plain tranſlation of whoſe pointed noſes
The reader needeth not, the bard ſuppoſes:
But if the reaſon ſome dull reader looks,
'Tis this---whatever Kings may think of Cooks,
Howe'er crown'd heads may deem them low-born things,
Cooks are poſſeſs'd of ſouls as well as *Kings*.
Yet are there ſome who think (but what a ſhame!)
Poor people's ſouls like pence of Birmingham,

Adulterated

Adulterated braſs---baſe ſtuff---abhorr'd---
That never can paſs current with the LORD ;
And think, becauſe of wealth they boaſt a ſtore,
With ev'ry freedom they may treat the *poor* :
Witneſs the ſtory that my Muſe, with tears,
Relates, O Reader, to thy ſhrinking ears :

With feeble voice and deep deſponding ſighs,
With ſallow cheek and pity-aſking eyes,
A wretch, by age and poverty decay'd,
For farthings lately to a NABOB pray'd :
The NABOB, turkey-like, began to ſwell,
And damn'd the beggar to the pit of hell.——
" Oh ! Sir," the Supplicant was heard to cry,
(The tear of mis'ry trickling from his eye)
" Though I'm in rags, and wondrous, wondrous poor,
" And *you* with gold and ſilver cover'd o'er,
" There won't in heav'n ſuch difference take place,
" When we before the LORD come face to face."

" *You* face to face with *me!*" the NABOB cry'd,
In all the insolence of upstart pride:
" *You* face to face with *me*, you dog, appear!
" Damme I'll kick you, if I catch you there." ——
Oh, shocking blasphemy! oh, horrid speech!
Where was the fellow born? — the wicked wretch! ——
So black an imp would pull, I do suppose,
A bulse of di'monds from a BEGUM'S nose;
Or make, like DOULAH, careless of his soul,
A new edition of the old Black Hole.

" What's life," the Major said, " my brethren, pray,
" If force must snatch our first delights away?
" Relentless shall the Royal mandate drag
" The hairs that long have grac'd this silken bag?
" Hairs to a barber scarcely worth a fig,
" Too few to make a foretop for a wig:
" Must razors vile these locks, so scanty, shave,
" Locks that I wish to carry to my grave;

" Hairs, look, my lads, ſo wonderfully thin —
" Old SWELLENBERG hath more upon her chin ?"—
" Yes, that ſhe hath," exclaim'd a Cook, " by G-d,
" A damn'd old German good-for-nothing toad.
" Yes, yes, her mouth with beard divinely briſtles —
" Curſe me, I'd rather kiſs a bunch of thiſtles.
" Oh ! were it but His Majeſty's commands
" To give her gentle jawbones to theſe hands,
" I'd ſhave her, like a puniſh'd ſoldier, *dry*—
" No killing ſow ſhould make a ſweeter cry—
" I'd pay my compliments to Madam's chin—
" I'll anſwer for't I'd make the devil grin—
" The razor moſt deliciouſly ſhould work—
" I'd trim her muzzle—yes, I'd ſcrape her pork——
" I'd teach her to ſome purpoſe to behave,
" And ſhow the witch the nature of a ſhave——
" Oh! woman, woman! whether lean or fat,
" In face an *angel*, but in ſoul a *cat*."

He

He ended—when each mouth upon the ſtretch,
Crown'd with a loud horſe-laugh the claſſic ſpeech.

Too ſoon, alas! reſentment ſeiz'd the hour,
And JOKE reſign'd his grin-provoking pow'r;
RAGE dimm'd of mirth the ſudden ſunny ſky,
And fill'd with gloomy oaths each ſcowling eye:
Whilſt GRIEF, returning, took her turn to reign,
Sunk every heart, and ſadden'd ev'ry mien:
Drew from their giddy heights the laughing graces——
For much is grief diſpos'd to bring down faces.

"Son of the ſpit," the Major, ſtrutting, cry'd,
"I like thy ſpirit, and revere thy pride:
"I'd rather hear thee than a Biſhop preach,
"For thou haſt made a very pretty ſpeech.
"Such is the language that the gods ſhould hear,
"And ſuch ſhould thunder on the Royal ear.

" Yet, ſon of dripping, though thou ſpeak'ſt my notions,
" We muſt not be too nimble in our motions ——
" Awhile, heroic brothers, let us halt;
" Soft fires, the proverb tells us, make good malt.
" And yet again I bid you ſtand like rocks,
" And battle for the honour of your locks.
" Lo! in theſe aged hairs is all my joy—
" To ſhave them, is my *being* to deſtroy.
" What's life, if life has not a bliſs to give—
" And if unhappy, who would wiſh to live?
" Content can viſit the poor ſpider'd room,
" Pleas'd with the coarſe ruſh mat and birchen broom;
" Where parents, children, feaſt on oaten bread,
" With cheeks as round as apples, and as red;
" Where health with vigour nerves their backs and hams,
" Sweet ſouls, though ragged as young colts or rams;
" Where calmly ſleep the parents with their darlings,
" Though nibbl'd by the fleas as thick as ſtarlings;

" Lull'd to their reſt, beneath the coarſeſt rugs,
" Dead to the bitings of a thouſand bugs.

" CONTENT, mild maid! delights in *ſimple* things,
" And envies not the ſtate of Queens or Kings:
" Can dine on ſheep's head, or a diſh of broth,
" Without a table, or a table cloth;
" Nor wiſhes, with the faſhionable group,
" To viſit HORTON's ſhop for turtle ſoup:
" Can uſe a bit of packthread for a jack,
" And ſit upon a chair without a back:
" Nay, wanting knives, can with her fingers work,
" And uſe a wooden ſkewer for a fork.
" Sweet maid! who thinks not ſhoes of leather ſhocking,
" Nor feels the horrors in a worſted ſtocking:
" Her temper mild, no huckaback can ſhock,
" Though for her lovely limbs it forms a ſmock:
" Pleas'd with the nat'ral curls her face that ſhade,
" No graves are robb'd for hair to make a braid:

" Her breaſt of native plumpneſs ne'er aſpires
" To ſwelling *merry thoughts* of gauze and wires,
" To look like crops of ducks, (with labour born)
" Stretch'd by a ſuperfluity of corn.
" With nature's hips, ſhe ſighs not for *cork rumps*,
" And ſcorns the pride of pinching ſtays or jumps:
" But pleas'd from whalebone priſons to eſcape,
" She truſts to ſimple nature for a ſhape:
" Without a warmingpan can go to bed---
" And wrap her petticoat about her head;
" Nor ſigh for cobweb caps of Mecklin lace,
" That ſhade of quality the varniſh'd face:
" Sweet nymph, like doves, ſhe ſeeks her ſtraw-built neſt,
" And in a pair of minutes is undreſt;
" Whilſt all the *faſhionable* female clans,
" Undreſſing, ſeem unloading caravans.
" No matter from what ſcource Contentment ſprings;
" 'Tis juſt the ſame in Cooks as 'tis in Kings;

" And if our ſouls are ſet upon our hair,
" Let ſnip-ſnap barbers, nay, let *Kings*, beware,
" Nor tempt the dangerous rage of true John Bulls,
" And clap, like fools, the edge-tools to our ſkulls.
" Tread on a worm, he ſhows his rage and pain,
" By turning on the wounding toe again:
" Nay, ev'n *inanimates* appear to feel——
" On the looſe *ſtone*, if chance direct your heel,
" Lo! from its womb the ſudden ſtream aſcends,
" To prove the foot was not among its friends;
" And calling in the aid of neighbour mud,
" O'er the fair ſtocking ſpouts the ſable flood."

So ſpoke the Major, with reſentment fir'd---
Spoke like a man---indeed like man *inſpir'd!*——
Some critic cries, with ſharp, faſtidious look,
" Bard, bard, this is not language for a Cook."---
" O ſnarler! but I'll lay thee any wager,
" It is not too ſublime for a *Cook Major*."---

" Behold!

"Behold! to remedy our ſad condition,"
The Major cry'd, "I've cook'd up a Petition:
"This carries weight with it, or I'm miſtaken:
"Shall ſhake the Monarch's ſoul, and ſave our bacon."—
Then jumping on a barrel, thus aloud
He read ſonorous to the gaping croud.

Thus reads a pariſh clerk, in church, a brief,
That begs for burnt-out wretches kind relief:---
Relief, alas! that very rarely reaches
The poor petitioners, the ruin'd wretches:
But (loſt its way) unfortunately ſteers
To fat Churchwardens and fat Overſeers;
Improves each diſh, augments the punch and ale,
And adds new ſpirit to the ſmutty tale.

THE PETITION OF THE COOKS.

YOUR Majeſty's firm friends and faithful cooks,
Who in your Palace merry liv'd as grigs,
Have heard, with heavy hearts and down-caſt looks,
That we muſt all be ſhav'd, and put on wigs:
You, SIRE, who with *ſuch honour* wear *your* Crown,
Should never bring on *ours* diſgraces down.

Dread Sir! we really deem our heads our own,
With ev'ry ſprig of hair that on them ſprings---
In France, where men like ſpaniels lick the Throne,
And count it glory to be *cuff'd* by Kings,
Their locks belong unto the *Grand Monarque*,
Who ſwallows privileges like a ſhark.

Be pleas'd to pardon what we now advance---
We dare your Sacred Majeſty aſſure,
That there's a difference 'twixt *us* and *France*;
And *long*, we hope, that *difference* we'll endure.
We know KING LEWIS wou'd, with pow'r ſo dread,
Not only cut the *hair* off, but the *head*.

Oh!

Oh! tell us, Sir, in loyalty ſo true,
What dire deſigning raggamuffins ſaid,
That we your Cooks are ſuch a naſty crew,
Great Sir! as to have crawlers in our head?
My Liege, you can't find one through all our houſe---
Not if you'd give a guinea for a louſe.

What creature 'twas you found upon your plate
We know not---if a louſe, it was not ours——
To ſhave each Cook's poor unoffending pate,
Betrays too much of arbitrary pow'rs——
The act humanity and juſtice ſhocks—
Let him who *owns* the crawler loſe his locks.

But grant upon your plate this louſe, ſo dread,
How can you ſay, Sir, it belongs to *us?* ——
Maggots are found in many a princely head;
And if a maggot, why then not a louſe?
Nay, grant the fact—with horror ſhould you ſhrink?
It could not eat Your Majeſty, we think.

Hunger,

Hunger, my Liege, hath oft been felt by Kings,
As well as people of *inferior ſtate*——
Quarrels with Cooks are therefore dangerous things : —
We cannot anſwer for your ſtomach's fate :
For by your ſize we frankly muſt declare,
You feed on more ſubſtantial ſtuff than *air*.

My Liege, an Univerſe hath been your foes :
The times have look'd moſt miſerably black——
America hath *try'd* to pull your noſe----
French, Dutch, and Spaniards, *try'd* to bang your back :
'Twould be a ſerious matter, we can tell ye,
Were *we* to buccaneer it on your *belly*.

You ſee the ſpirit of your Cooks then, Sire---
Determin'd nobly to ſupport their locks ;
And ſhould your Guards be order'd out to fire,
Their guns may be oppos'd by ſpits and crocks :
Knives, forks, and ſpoons, may fly, with plates a ſtore,
And all the thunder of the kitchen roar.

Nat. Gardner, Yeoman of the Mouth, declares
He'll join the ſtandard of your injur'd Cooks —
Each Scullion, Turnbroche, for redreſs prepares,
And puts on very formidable looks:
Your women too, — *imprimis*, Mrs. Dyer,
Whoſe eggs are good as ever felt a fire:

Next, Sweeper-general Bickley, Mrs. Mary,
With that fam'd bell-ringer call'd Mrs. Loman —
Ann Spencer, Guardian of the Neceſſary —
That is to ſay, the neceſſary woman ——
All theſe, an't pleaſe you, Sir, ſo fierce, determine
To join us in the cauſe of hair and vermine.

There's Miſtreſs Stewart — Mr. Richard Day,
Who find your Sacred Majeſty in linen —
Are ready to ſupport us in our fray ——
You can't conceive the paſſion they have been in —
They ſwear ſo much your ſcheme of ſhaving hurts,
You ſhan't have pocket-handkerchiefs or ſhirts.

The grocers, CLARKE and TAYLOR, curſe the ſcheme,
And ſay, whate'er we do, the world won't blame us——
So COMBER ſays, who gives you milk and cream——
And thus your old friend, Mr. LEWIS RAMUS.
We think your Sacred Majeſty would mutter
At loſs of ſugar, milk, and cream, and butter.

Suppoſe, an't pleaſe you, Sir, that Miſtreſs KNUTTON
And Miſtreſs MAISHFIELD, fierce as tyger cats;
One Overſeer of all the beef and mutton,
The other Lady Preſident of ſprats——
Suppoſe, in oppoſition to your wiſh,
This locks away the fleſh, and *that* the fiſh?

Suppoſe JOHN CLARKE refuſe ſupplies of muſtard,
So neceſſary to your beef and bacon?
WILL ROBERTS all the apple-pie and cuſtard,
Your Majeſty would growl, or we're miſtaken——
Suppoſe that WELLS, a ſtubborn temper, ſtudying,
Should take the plums off from the Sunday pudding?

Suppoſe

Suppoſe that RAINSFORTH with our *corps* unites?——
  We mean the man who all the tallow handles——
Suppoſe he, daring, locks up all the lights——
  How could Your Majeſty contrive for candles?
You'd be (excuſe the freedom of remark)
Like *ſome* Adminiſtrations——in the *dark*.

We dare aſſure you that our grief is great——
  And oft indeed our feelings it enrages,
To ſee your Sacred Majeſty beſet
  By ſuch a graceleſs gang of idle pages——
And with ſubmiſſion to your judgement, Sire,
We think old Madam SWELLENBERG a lyar.

Suppoſe, GREAT SIR, that by your cruel *fiat*,
  The barbers ſhould attack our humble head,
And that we ſhould not chuſe to breed a riot,
  Becauſe we might not wiſh to loſe our bread;
Say, would the triumph o'er each harmleſs Cook
Make GEORGE THE THIRD like ALEXANDER look?

Dread Sir, reflect on JOHNNY WILKES's fate,
Supported chiefly by a paltry rabble —
WILKES bade defiance to your frowns and ftate,
And got the better in that famous fquabble:
Poor was the victory you wifh'd to win,
That fat the mouth of EUROPE on the *grin*.

O KING, our wives are in the kitchen roaring,
All ready in rebellion now to rife —
They mock our humble method of imploring,
And bid us guard againft a wig-furprife:
" *Yours* is the hair (they cry) th' Almighty gave ye,
" And not a King in Chriftendom fhould fhave ye."

Lo! on th' event the world impatient looks,
And thinks the joke is carry'd much too far —
Then, pray, Sir, liften to your faithful Cooks,
Nor in the Palace breed a civil war:
Loud roars our band, and, obftinate as pigs,
Cry, " Locks and liberty, and damn the wigs."

THE END.

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